

Sooner



We are clear
Hungry
Our visions are lonely

See me

I

Am

Guilty

I am sorry

I am strong



Blooms know the sky

Coyotes know the sky

Share fear

Individuals
Wish the future

Capacity



Right

They are wrong

It is quiet

You call it
I will listen

Light in the house
Darkness in the camp

They do

The land is a mass



I was awful

At the bottom of the lake

Motivated by visions

It was November 20th

I sat and I was taken by and by

Son clean
Jeans and a tee shirt
Chips and alcohol



Hero
Floats

We got you
We follow

The public is necessary

Do not reject this

Minutes and minutes

Mine

Mom



Ten nine eight seven

five four three two one zero

I

Know

Know

I will listen

You call it



The night saw the happy sorrow was a fool
Old years

The night came and showed them a new object

Within

Without

Feeling the light

Waiting when

Fighting

the light

He Fight

Fought

Delight

underneath

Cut

doubt
in

Sight



A Plea Informs the wicked
The man has charges
Blind guide

We create a new bond
All vast possibilities are great

Bonds give meaning

I was the problem

Nothing is happening

The past is not wrong

He tells the joy to speak



We
All
End
Together
Lovely

He is home

He is good

